



PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.

QUICK PIG DRIVING.

Best Professional Record, 3 3-4
Sec.; Amateur, 7 Sec.

Penning Challenges Scattered Around
Broadcast.

Dr. Channock M. Dewey Says He Has
Not Tried Pig Driving.

The suggestion that the rival amateur experts, who claim to have made such astonishing records in driving those pigs into the pen, should arrange for a prize contest in which their relative merits could be definitely settled seems to have met with general favor.

There are a lot of ambitious pig drivers all over the country who are just itching to get at Champion Razzle-Dazzle-Pigs-in-Clover. Penning, who sent us word yesterday that he had "done the puzzle" in eight seconds. They all want to challenge him to a test of skill, and one person in particular, who claims that he can razzle-dazzle Roach or any other self-styled champion and who claims to have a record of seven seconds by top-watch time, is very anxious to meet him. This is the best amateur record thus far reported, beating Champion Roach's by one second.

The writer signs himself C. F. N. and includes the following in his letter:

New York, March 15, 1889.

I herewith challenge the party who claims to have made a record of eight seconds in solving the puzzle in clover puzzle to a pig-driver.

C. F. N.

Address: Evening World Office.

Another challenge comes from W. M. Chapman, of No. 100 Broadway, who claims to have made a record of fifteen seconds with four pigs, but thinks he can easily beat it with a little practice. He also suggests a method of varying the game by introducing a larger number of pigs, and making it more of an interesting sport, for the game with the original four is getting too easy for the experienced pig-drivers. With six pigs he has a record of thirty seconds, and with eight he would like to hear from any readers of THE SUNDAY WORLD who want to compete for a prize.

"Ticket Scalper," who also thinks ordinary pig driving is too easy now that its principles have been so thoroughly explained by THE SUNDAY WORLD's puzzle solver, says that he has had on three different occasions put the four little pigs in their pen after putting the cover on the box. He is prepared to challenge anybody for the championship, performing the feat in less than thirty seconds. He is a real pig-driver, and he would naturally come under professional rules. There is money, "Ticket Scalper," intimates, behind this challenge, which will talk when the right time comes.

J. C. Scott, of 38 Park Row, writes as follows:

To the Editor of THE SUNDAY WORLD:

We have a boy fifteen years old who can do the "Pigs-in-Clover" puzzle in thirty seconds.

He will have to do a great deal better than this if he expects to have any show at all in the tournament.

Dr. Channock M. Dewey was asked at the Yale Alumni meeting at Delmonico's last night whether he had tried his hand at pig-driving under the new rules.

"No," he replied. "I have not. Ever since the Harvard dinner I have steered clear of anything in the razzle-dazzle line."

Two prominent lawyers met, upon last evening's discussion, to discuss business matters. One of them had bought a razzle-dazzle board, and the remainder of the night was spent in driving pigs. They got into a heated contest, about the best time being made by one of them, which was in the neighborhood of eight minutes and fourteen seconds, and after the decision of the referee, the defeated party went away mad, and business had to be postponed.

This is not an infrequent result of contests of this kind between would-be record makers.

The ladies do not appear to be very successful as record breakers. Not a single one has yet reported a record of any kind. An observer of human nature who has given some study to this contest, says that the ladies as a rule are unable to grasp the profound scientific and metaphysical principles underlying the art of pig-driving and are therefore at a disadvantage in a general contest.

Then there are a great many who have not the patience to keep at it if by chance they are talking of the principles referred to, until their husbands, who are still in the land of the living, object to the puzzle on account of its nature.

"Pig-driving," said one, contemptuously. "It's perfectly absurd. No one but a vulgar man would ever think of calling a name by such a horrid name."

The reduction of all records in the pig-driving contest yesterday from eleven to seven seconds led to another record by Magician Keller, who made the record of seven seconds. Mr. Keller's aptitude for this kind of thing places him in the professional ranks together with P. H. Hannon.

On Wednesday last Keller did the trick with marvelous quickness, but no time was taken. In order that a race might be set the amateur, the pig-driver and a stopwatch, presented themselves at the home of the mysterious one.

Magician Keller consented to try a drive or record-breaking purpose. Mr. Keller, the charming and good-looking of the magician, was an interested observer.

The young porkers were handed to the contestant, who negligently placed himself in the seat. Mrs. Keller, who was seated at the table, looked on with a look of interest on the one side, and the stopwatch in the hands of an unprejudiced referee, looked on with a look of interest on the other side of the magician.

The pigs were placed on the outskirts of the town. The watch ceased its noise. Ready was spoken, the ticks resumed their steady time-keeping and the pigs were heard from.

"Penny!" cried Mrs. Keller, with a gasp.

"Seven seconds again!" replied the watch.

Mr. Keller shrugged his shoulders slightly, caught a red, replaced the piggies in the outside circle, received the word "go," and, "pronto" in just three and three-eighths seconds the piggies were housed! Mr. Keller was as pleased as his success as though he had discovered the "how" a dozen Indian mysteries, and Mrs. Keller laughed at him and with him, and said that nothing so pleased him as a new trick, a new puzzle or a fresh mystery.

The Confederates as well as the Union Generals are included in the library of Our Hero Characters. One General in each box. * *

BADLY LEFT ON BUYING LOTS

TWO THRIFTY WOMEN WHO PAID INSTALL-
MENTS TO ROBERT WILSON.

When They Wanted to Force Them In They Found the Lots Didn't Belong to Wilson at All—They Had Paid \$337 in Weekly Miles—Now Wilson Is in Jail and Says He Was Cheated, Too.

Robert Wilson, a real estate agent, of 241 East Seventy-fourth street, charged with swindling Kate Dennon, of 111 Sheffield street, Newark, and Rose Wignaw, of 17 Livingston street, by means of false representations regarding lots he sold them in Newark, gazed sadly out between the bars of a cell in the Essex Market Prison this morning.

"This all comes through dealing with women," he exclaimed to an EVENING WORLD reporter.

The women in their affidavits say that Wilson advertised lots for sale on Pashina avenue, Newark, the property of Francis S. Pashina.

They called on him and made a bargain and for two years past they have been paying instalments on one lot each. Rosa had invested \$350 and Kate \$187.

They say they recently went to visit their property and were informed by Mr. Pashina that Wilson had no right to sell, and that their claims were worthless.

Wilson told THE EVENING WORLD young man that he had a perfect right to sell the property and had in his possession an agreement and deeds for 190 lots on Pashina avenue.

He makes it appear that Pashina was the executor of his father's estate, and says Pashina gave him the right of all.

The lots brought from \$200 to \$400. Pashina receiving half of the money, and Wilson says he grew anxious for the rights of his customers.

When he spoke to Pashina he claims that for the last said. "Well, I will give you deeds for 190 lots and thus save your customers from any losses."

This was done, Wilson says, and he (Wilson) gave a mortgage for \$30,000, payable in 1891. This mortgage was for the full value of the lots, notwithstanding Pashina was only to receive \$15,000 as his share.

This was understood by verbal agreement. Interest was made payable half yearly, but it was also understood, Wilson claims, that more was to be paid. At which center girls were useless. They did not work. She, besides caring for six boarders alone, used to wash the bedding for the Aspinwall Lane of steamship.

On her 102d birthday her room was decorated with flags and wreaths. She did not comprehend and asked eagerly if the Americans had gained another victory over the British, and wanted to know how many were killed.

"Oh, it is me, is it?" she finally exclaimed, and the foreboding of the home-visit and gratulated her. "It's my birthday. Oh, yes, I am—too old to tell."

Helle A. Fenton, the ideal matron of the Home cheer, bustling, lovable and loved by all the old people confined to her care, introduced THE EVENING WORLD reporter to the oldest living inmate, Amity Bowler.

Amity Bowler is a dear, cheerful little woman, wrinkled by the rain and weather in kindly smiles. She arose from an easy chair in her own cozy and bright white-walled room and trotted nimbly across the floor to the old people.

She looked him all over with a look that flattered him and then chirruped.

"Bless you, young man! May all your efforts succeed. But, and the good little wrinkled hand gave a new pressure on that of the reporter, "don't forget the main thing. Try and get into heaven! I want to meet you there."

Amity told her that yesterday he had been to Brooklyn to congratulate Major Thomas Howard on his 100th birthday.

"Humph!" ejaculated Amity Bowler, a little contemptuously. "I ain't near so old as that. I'm only ninety-four."

The Home seems to be a good place to live in, for some years ago an inmate died at the age of 117 years.

Every Word Was Legible.

[From the Atlantic (Pa.) Times.]

THE EVENING WORLD of Tuesday astonished the world by printing on its first page fac-similes of its issues dated March 12, 13, 14 and 15, the blizzard quartet of 1888. Every word was legible, and the pictures as suggestive now as then. This feat was accomplished by a process known as photo-electrotyping. As an evidence of what can be done in the hurried endeavors of a daily newspaper by this process, the first page of THE EVENING WORLD is simply perfect. The plates are produced in microscopic form, the process of which has heretofore been described in the Times. A photograph is first taken in reduced size. From the negative a print is produced on a bichromatized gelatin plate, which is afterwards brushed or coated with graphite and then submitted to the electrotype process, which has now reached a wonderful degree of perfection.

Myra Met Her Husband with a Snap.

Mrs. Myra Voorhees, a young married woman who recently shot herself on account of the disappearance of her husband, Charles, appeared in Jefferson Market yesterday face to face with her absent spouse. He having been arrested on a charge of abandonment. They had not long been married when he began to desert their little home, No. 214 West 50th street, for neighboring streets. The more she looked for him the more he stayed away, until finally he chose new lodgings, but left her at the old. Then she attempted to find him, but upon arriving at the new place, she found it was a trap. She was arrested on that score. Thursday night she learned where her husband was and had him arrested. He was held in \$300 for examination this morning.

Samuel Cox on Irish Heroes.

Congressman S. R. Cox will deliver an oration on "Irish Parliamentary Heroes" at the entertainment of the Knights of St. Patrick at the Academy of Music to-morrow evening. Fire Commissioner Henry D. Purroy will preside, and James Mitchell, son of the Irish patriot, will deliver the address.

Many attractive features in vocal and instrumental music will render the entertainment well worth a visit. The proceeds of the entertainment will be sent to Charles Stewart Parnell to aid the cause of Home Rule for Ireland.

Well on the Church Steps.

Lizzie Lynn, aged thirty years, of 1899 Park avenue, while ascending the steps of the Church of the Holy Redeemer at Eighty-first street and Park avenue this morning fell and received internal injuries. She refused to go to the hospital and was taken home by friends.

News Summary.

The Gladstones, by the election of Mr. Beaumont, wrest the Kensington Division of London from the Conservatives.

Mrs. Allen F. Storrs begins a suit for separation together with P. H. Hannon, son of the late Emory A. Storrs.

Miss Mabel Clement, of Wichita, Kan., leaves LaSalle Seminary because she took unbecomingly remarks made by a professor as to the poverty of Kansas.

Three men are hanged on one gallows at Arkadelphia, Ark., for the murder of Arthur Horner, the colored preacher.

The Rumble Family quarrel over a legacy at Austin, Tex., and Samuel Rumble kills his father-in-law and brother-in-law with a shotgun.

Yellow as Egyptian mummy.

Was his shadow face.

And he seemed a very dummy.

Now he's brimmed with sunshine o'er.

His clear and sparkling eye.

Tell us that he lives in clover.

What has wrought the transformation? Dr. Parnell's Pleasant Purgative Pills restored him to his former individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

THIS GOOD OLD LADY WAS 102

MRS. EMILY TRACY, BURIED TO-DAY FROM
THE METHODIST HOME.

She Passed Away Quietly after a Long Illness. Her Work—Housekeeper for the Griswolds for Many Years. The Inmates of the Home Seem to Have a Corner on Longevity.

Mrs. Emily Warren Tracy was laid at rest to-day in Greenwood Cemetery. She had lived to celebrate her 102d birthday. The friends of her childhood long since passed away, and the companions and acquaintances of her middle age had one by one dropped away, leaving her quite alone.

Mrs. Tracy was born in Norwich, Conn., Dec. 17, 1786. When but a child she was brought to New York by her parents, and has lived here ever since.

For many years she was housekeeper for one of the Griswolds of the last generation, and afterwards she kept a boarding-house. She maintained her boarding-house down to 1863, when, at seventy-seven years of age, she gave up the fight and put herself into the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she had been a member for more than half a century, attending at this time the old Greene Street church.

Rev. Stephen Merritt, of the Jane street church, and Rev. Delos Lull, of the Ashbury M. E. Church, officiated at her funeral this morning in the plain, but bright chapel at the Home, and besides the 115 inmates of the Home, a large number of people present, who had known Mrs. Tracy.

Mrs. Tracy was a tall, spare-framed, large-handed, typical New England woman. She lay in a plain coffin, a white lace on her gray head tied under the chin with cream white ribbons.

A shaft of ripened grain stood on a stand by the coffin.

Emily Warren was the maiden name of Mrs. Tracy, and nothing could ever be learned of her married life save that she once exclaimed: "What a big fool I was to marry that old Tracy!"

She never had any children, and leaves only one living relative, Mrs. Annie Ryan, who is a niece.

Mrs. Tracy retained her faculties intact until about six months ago, when she began to fail. She had led a life full of hard work and the independence which that implies. She used to snuff at the customs of to-day, and declared that another century of life would be useless. They did not work. She, besides caring for six boarders alone, used to wash the bedding for the Aspinwall Lane of steamship.

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WAS IT BUT A DRUNKEN ROW?

JAMES DUGAN PROBABLY FATALLY SHOT
BY WILLIAM BRENNAN.

The Wounded Man Found in a Lot with Two Pistol Wounds in His Abdomen—He Walks to the Station-House, but Has to Be Carried In—His Assaultant Captured—Both Men Refuse to Make Any Statement.

At an early hour this morning, during a quarrel, James Dugan, of 72 Oliver street, was shot by William Brennan. Dugan is in the Chambers Street Hospital, and is not expected to live.

At the time of the shooting Officers O'Sullivan and Keogh were standing on the corner of Oliver and Oak streets.

A muffled report was heard and the policemen thought an explosion had occurred. They started on a run towards the river and had gone but a few steps when another report sounded, louder and sharper than the first.

After running about one hundred feet they came to a vacant lot. Several people were standing on the sidewalk peering through the darkness at a man who held a shining revolver in his right hand. A stream of blood trickled from his forehead. O'Sullivan ran up to the man and ordered him to give up the pistol. The man refused to do so, but after quite a struggle, the policeman succeeded in disarming him.

Meanwhile, Officer Keogh saw a man escaping in the direction of the roof of the lot. He gave chase and caught him as he was going over the fence. It was Brennan.

"What made you shoot that man?" asked O'Sullivan of the man who held the pistol and who proved to be Dugan.

"I'm the man that's shot," he answered as he pointed to the mark on his forehead. "It was only a drunken row," he added indifferently.

On the way to the station-house Dugan said that his wounds didn't amount to anything.

"I've got a nasty one in the stomach, though," he said.

Before he was taken any steps, however, he weakened, and the policemen had to support him. As he reached the station-house steps he said in a gasping tone: "Oh! I guess I'm done for now."

He was carried inside, and an ambulance was summoned from Chambers Street Hospital. The surgeon discovered that Dugan had two wounds in his abdomen. The injury to his head was caused by a brick thrown at him.

After his wounds were dressed, a priest was sent for, who administered the sacrament, but, in spite of his protests, he was carried on a stretcher.

Brennan's head was cut and both men were dusty, as they had been rolling in the dirt.

The shooting occurred in the vacant lot of 70 Oliver street, next door to where Finnegan formerly kept his well-known dive.

Brennan was taken to the Tombs the result of Dugan's injuries. When arrested he refused to state where he lived.

AN ASPIRANT FOR TURKEY.

William A. Gans Hopes Harrison Will Let Him Succeed Minister Straus.

New York is in a position to fill about all of the Federal offices in the gift of President Harrison. The Republican organization of this city has candidates for most of the fat diplomatic and consular berths.

Of course many of these must be disappointed, but Lawyer William A. Gans, of 291 Broadway, thinks his chances of being one of the chosen few to be very good.

Mr. Gans wants to succeed Oscar S. Straus, of this city, as Minister to Turkey. The position has been held by New York men during Mr. Cleveland's administration. Mr. Straus succeeded Congressman S. S. Cox.

Lawyer Gans is one of the leading Republicans of the Twentieth Assembly District, which he has represented in the County Committee for ten years past. He is a well-known writer on economic subjects, and has been a member of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Gans's aspirations for diplomatic honors are said to be looked upon with favor by Secretary Blaine. Should he be selected he will represent the same element of the German population which was recognized by President Cleveland in the choice of the present Minister, Mr. Straus.

CAUGHT AN EX-ALDERMAN.

Michael Ryan Arrested for Selling Liquor to a Minor.

Ex-Alderman Michael was charged at the Essex Market Police Court to-day with selling liquor to a boy under age—W. H. Colley, of 46 Grand street.

The charge was made by an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The ex-Alderman was cruelly to appear in court Monday night.

Trouble Over Cemetery Deaths.

EDWARD—All persons whose deaths were left with the late William Leonard, Weston and Underaker, may receive same by applying to his successor, Owen Leonard, 133 Greenwich ave., opposite Jackson Square.

There are about four or five hundred of these deeds. They are for lots in cemeteries in this city. Some were left in William Leonard's care years ago, and the owners have left New York. Others were held by the undertaker for money due on them.

Owen Leonard, the successor of his brother William, is having considerable trouble with these deeds. The testimony shows that Leonard had not done down the track on the night of the Mud Run disaster. On the contrary, he chatted with some girls who had thrust their heads out of the windows of the rear car of the train which was afterwards wrecked. These girls were killed in the collision. Hannigan failed to place torpedoes on the track as he was required to do by the rules, and did not even move from the station until after the approaching train was seen rounding the curve only a thousand feet distant.

The Yacht Clashes in a Gale.

SPRINGFIELD TO THE WORLD.

Boston, March 16.—Commodore Weld's yacht, Gitanis, which arrived at Gibraltar recently, under command of Capt. Sherlock, had a very severe passage, as shown by the yacht's log received here yesterday. "Feb. 13," he says, "we were afraid of our tonnage, though they were reefed. She lay scudding under, hove to, and she would have been a picture for an artist as she rode the big, rough-topping seas. The sea was terrible, and the wind would take your breath away. We did not ship any heavy water, but the spray flew high; in fact, the air was nothing but spray." Capt. Sherlock during the passage had his clothes all but dry.

Death of a Yacht-Bueller.

SPRINGFIELD TO THE WORLD.

NYACK, N. Y., March 16.—James E. Smith, the well-known yacht-builder, is dead at the age of sixty years. Since the establishment of his yards in 1867 a multitude of yachts, river sloops and schooners have been turned out there. He built the steamer Meteor and the circumnavigator Brunhilde, and among the yachts he sent out were the Tidal Wave, Madeline, Grace, Storm King, Republic, Phantom, Viceroy and many others as well known.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

FINED 'EM ALL.

Judge Daniels Punishes Kerr's En-
thusiastic Friends.

They Had to Pay \$25 Apiece for
Their Cheering.

Col. Ingersoll Received a Neat Little
Fee of \$25,000.

What a precious word!
"Not."

Col. Ingersoll got \$5,000 a letter for that little word prefiging the verdict of the jury in the trial of Thomas B. Kerr on the charge of bribing ex-Alderman Ludolph A. Fulgraff.

It took the jury three hours to make up their twelve minds and eat an Astor House dinner, and the verdict came in at 5 o'clock last evening.

"Not guilty," said Foreman Te